Full of Wealth to Makers and Venders of Toys, Dolls, Bric-n-Brac, and Manufac-turers and Handlers of Everything that Uan by Offered as a Christmas Sift. No old chestnut fished up out of the ashes of the past is the legend of Santa Claus. Our modern Christmas saint, if identical with the Saint Nicholas of the fourth century, is only a case of metempsychosis; for not until this passing cycle of time did the little people's worker ride out of wonderland in his magical go-cart, drawn by a team of fairy reindeer, and laden with its fairy freight of gifts

for old and young.

The holiday of holidays, the one that bids fair to link together the Old World and the New, to form into one grand procession all dies and Protestants, pagans and agnostics, bearing banners whereon is the legend, "Peace to men of good will," and led by a little child, surely the modern Christmas, with Santa Claus for its titular saint. Not the Christmas of the centuries lying behind us, the Christmas of coarse banqueting and rude reveiling, of fleree hunting of the wild boar and drinking of the wassall bowl, while the dancing bears and the jesters and clowns made merry for the feasters around the groaning board. Nor is it the courtlier festival of the eighteenth cenwhen gentles all gathered from and near to the Christmas dinner,



tollowed by the Christmas ball, often a masquerade. Then while the dancers footed the merry measures of the reel, cotilion, and gavotte, or paced the stately minuet, came, through the mist and snow, the Walts, watchmen minstrels, who piped and sang the Christmas carols. Anon the dancers brought them in, dressed in their velvets and feathers, to finish the night under the holly and mistle-toe that bloomed upon the candle-lit walls, the great yule log lending its ruddy radiance to the milder light from above. Thus was celebrated until the dawn of the nineteenth century the birthnight of the Child, born of a Virgin Mother in the manger of Bethlehem 2,000 years ago.

That kind of a holiday has passed away, or only survives in part, in remote regions where the hoofs of the modern Santa Claus's reinders have not yet pawed up the snow or tradden the evergreen turf. But sooner or later this modern wonder worker and miracle maker of the nineteenth century will go there and elsewhere, for he is the most ubiquitous of all the saints, as well as the most catholic, in the best, broadest, most universal significance of the word. He will begin by filling the children's emety stockings with candies and toys on the eve of Christmas. Then he will deck for them a wondrous Christmas tree filled with doils and glits for young and old, and blazing with giltering lights. Every year the tree will grow taller and larger, and the lights and blazing with giltering lights. Every year the tree will srow taller and larger, and the lights and sittering stars and toys and gifts grow more and more in number and beauty and brilliancy. By and by the demand for his favors at the Christmastice will be so huge that bazzars will be built for them inside the great storehouses, such as we have here in New York in Grand street and in Eighth and Sixth svenues and all argund the retail business centre of the city. For Santa Claus is no alone fixth avenues and all reports of the business out of the hearts of all the Scrooges in the world; for when monsy i of the Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island is the Ranta Claus of the modern young Gothamites, the ubiquitous saint who, when he has fin-iahed the work in his workshop in wonderland, comes and takes possession of all the great shop windows in New York, and no doubt in every



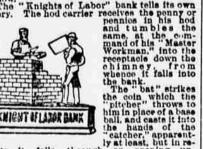
other large city in this country and in other countries, too. Most wondrous panoramas has the children's saint propared in many and most of the windows, where toys are found in New York this Curistmastide. There can all the children go and see what his fairy folk have been about all the year in anticipation of the Christmas morn. These fairy folk by the way, have been discovered by modern explorers, devotees of Banta Claus, and friends of his little children for the most part, who live way up four thousand foet above the level of the sea, in the sides of the Tyrolean Alps, and in the Hartz Mountains, in the Black Forest, and in the great forest of Thuringis. Little peasant children, living in rude huts and cottages in the rocky fastness of the hills, or in the dim shadows of the dark woodlands, are the cunning carvers in wood and workers in leather and gliding, the materials that compose the bulk of the toys that delight the children's hearts all over the world. Their little ingers are taught and guided, assisted and directed, by their parents, who do a next of the work themselves in the evenings and on holidays, for artistic occupation is not forbidden labor even on Sundays by their creed and its canons. Yes, just such little boys and cirls as we have to sell newspapers and flowers and black boots and run errands and peddle pins and needles, and who sometimes beg and sometimes steal in the streets of New York, are in those mountains and forests, under the blue skies and green boughs, by the babbling brooks and cottage doors, bulky all the year round making those wonderful cats and dogs and sheep and goots, bulk all over the civilized world. There, in that verifable wonderland, the mange goocart of Santa Claus is laden and sent forth into the wide, wide world. But not in the mountains and forests, under the blue skies and gores for wonderland town a in Farla and other French clique world. But not in the mountains and forests alone are the wonderland, the mange goocart of Santa Claus is laden and sent forth into

ing its little white head, rolling its glass eyes, and lapping forth its pink tongue. The inventive powers of the toy makers are taxed severely to bring out new toys from year to year. These new ones, however, do not seem to diminish the sales nor the popularity of the old favorites. The "Preedman's Bank," and "Darky Dancers," Iron mechanical toys and savings banks tor little folks, the "kicking mule" bank and the "speaking dog," the "trick pony," and the "siump speaker," all old, or last year's savings banks, are sump speaker, and the salesmen say who show them. Three of these, the "Bird of Freedom." as the salesmen say who show them. Three of these, the "Bird of Freedom." as a very the "Bird of Freedom." is a very creation. The "Bird of Freedom" is a very creation. The "Bird of Freedom" is a very

the saleamen say who show them. Three of these, the "Bird of Freedom," the "Base Bail," and the "Knights of Labor" are new savings banks of this year's creation. The "Bird of Freedom" is a very fine toy bank, though not high priced, the work showing the marked improvement in the modelling, casting, and coloring of these objects. When the coin to be deposited in the bank is placed in the bendel beak

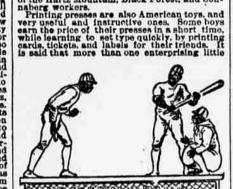
below.

The "Knights of Labor" bank tells its own story. The hod carrier receives the penny or story.



receptacle down the chimney, from whence it falls into the bank.

The bar's trikes the coin which the pitcher" throws to him in place of a base ball, and caste it into the hands of the catcher, apparently at least, but in reader his feet into the bases, but in reader his feet into the bases ball bank" below. Of course, all these toys are American and New England. None but the live Yankee mind with its intense practical bent could have conceived, thought out, and executed these suggestive, curlous, and comical toy banks. But they are genuine inspirations from Santa Claus without a doubt, and marvellously attractive to the American boy as well as to the boys of other countries. For Santa Claus, good, practical, sensible saint, has made his workers, following in the track of his reindeer toam and margie sled, export these along with numbers of other American toys to many ioreign lands, particularly to Mexico, Spain, and Russia. But even france, England, and Germany take many of our toys, such as steam engines drawing trains of cars, real steam-boats, and steam yachts that sail on water tanks or cools, stationary steam engines, also running, other amusing and instructive toy machines, such as the shoemaker, the organ grinder, the cat orchestra, and figures of various kinds, galloping horses, and working and dancing men and women. Then there is another American toy, a miniature factory or workshop showing how machinery is adjusted and regulated, and why it runs at different speeds from one shaft, a turning lathe, a circular saw, a grindstone, a planing machine, and other works. The foreigness like these toys just as much as we and our boy and girls do the legends of the Nibelungenlied, the "Lohengrin and Swan," the "Tanhauser," the "Sieg-fried," and the "Walkure," or welrd sisters on their war horses, told in the tin, papier maché, composition, and carved wooden toys of the Hartz Mountain, Black Fores



New Yorker has actually gone into the newspaper business with a big printing outfit, drawing into a syndicate or stock company, their school fellows as reporters, printers, publishers, editors, and correspondents.

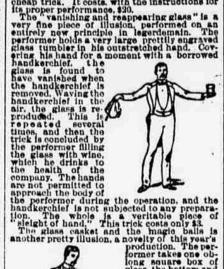
Electrical and magnetic air and water toys are all very interesting, and the stock of the control of the property of the inventions of this year in the way of a ship is highly suggestive of "all the wonder that will be," perhaps, in the future in the navigation of the air. The in balloon on one arm of a revolving lever is a pretty, white-painted thing, with a parachute, containing two figures, done in good style by the inventor, and prettily colored. The cigar or torpodo-shaped air ship at the other end of the lever is propelled by the two wings that rotate at the back end of it, the rotary mother than the propelled by the two wings that rotate at the back end of it, the rotary mother is perfectly that will inventor, within the body of the ship. The may have been used by manifestive the suggestion is made that while a way other port.

I may be realized; that then we may expect to see the heavens instead of the sens filled with commerce, argosics of maric sail, plous of the purple willight, torpring down with costly bales all over the country in place of the ships that are now obliged to seek harbor in the purple willight, torpring down with costly bales all over the country in place of the ships that are now obliged to seek harbor in the purple willight, torpring down with costly bales all over the country in place of the ships that are now obliged to seek harbor in the purple willight, torpring down with costly bales and over the country in place of the seven pilifeation of academy or even college lectures. Children nowadays have electric bells and cannon, magic electricines and apparatus of better equity than those formerly used in the exemplification of academy or even college lectures. Children nowadays have electric bells and cannon, magic electricines and the property of the south of the seven

not have lived five hundred years before that time, as the friend of women who had grue husbands who would not help to nurse the bables when they cried at night, and who were consoled, seeing the chastisement which the Old World Judith inflicted on the domestic tyrants, some Holofernes, no doubt, of the ancient puppet show, that in course of time became poor Funch, the meekest and best henceme poor Funch, the meekest and best hence the people of the became poor Funch, the meekest and best hence when the possession of a set of conjurers tricks or magical apparatus would have sent the owner to the stake in Christian lands, so called at jeast, Santa Claus was asleep in the Hartz Mountains perhaps, or imprisoned behind black, purgatorial rails in those days. But now he is well awake and at liberty. These pretty things are not toys, but they are often found on Christmas trees, and, without question, are placed among the contents of Santa Claus's wagon by the makers—the Swiss, the English, the Germans, and the French. The best come from Paris, where all the most exquisite and artistic toys, mechanical and musical dolls, music boxes, and magical apparatus are made. Along with the jointed, walking, talking, crying, laughing, and sleeping and waking-up dolls come the conjuring tricks that can make a first-class magician out of any bright and industrious boy or girl. New tricks are sent to the importers of these ecodes every year. In the illustrated catalogue of one of the best.



ing four times as large as the box, cont one or more live birds and a perch on w they stand. The trick can be done by a holding the box of flowers in her hands.



glass top with right, and lol bright colored wo ed balls, almost l ed balls, almost large enough to fill the casket, immediately appear in the empty box. The box or cas-ket is hermetically

sealed all around, which makes the trick one of the most perfect illusions in legerdemain sealed all around, which makes the trick one of the most perfect illusions in legerdemain ever seen.

The only American trick shown among the new ones of this year is Prof. Allerton's "cigarette paper trick." The Professor stands before you with a package of ordinary cigarette papers. He draws one from the top of the package and asks you to tear it in two. He then takes the two pieces in his outstrotched hands and finishes toaring them intolittle bits. These he rolls between the finger and thumb of his right hand into a compact little paper ball, unfolds the same carefully, smooths it out, and there is apparently the same little cigarette paper you tore in half and he tore in nieces a minute ago. It takes rare legerdemain to do this trick well, but it is a beauty when performed properly. Happy will be the receiver of a box containing a set of these conjuring tricks on Christmas morning. No doubt it will increase his veneration for the good and great Santa Claus.

The heathen Chinee and the bloodthirsty Jap have their annual children's feativals. Of course the children's saint inspired them. Little Chinese girls have any number of dolls, but they are not permitted to play with them but one day in each year. On that day, which comes in the spring, the mothers of the little Chinese maidens take the dolles and their belongings out of the pretty perfumed cabinets, where they have been lying in state all the year, and there are thousands of doll breakfasts, and lunchoons and afternoon, teas where they have been lying in state all the year, and there are thousands of doll breakfasts and luncheons and afternoon teas and dinners and suppers and balls all over the Flowery Land. They chin-chin worship and chow-chow eat with their dollies all day, but when night comes on the poor little girls have to give up their babies and go to bed solitary and alone. But by and by all this will change. They will play with their dollies every day, and take them to bed like babies every night when Santa Claus finishes the work he has begun over there on the other side of the world. This year he went to China and Japan, and brought back not only a lot of beautiful Chinese dolls for his particular friends, the little New Yorkers, but also a great library of Chinese toy books, filled with queer stories, illustrated in the way that they make pictures in that country. The stories, too, are told in good English, not in Chinese language. No doubt Santa Claus had the originals translated into our tongue by some member of the American colony living over there. Then, after the stories are printed in English over here in New York, they are sent back, and the painstaking Chinese book makers copy them in true, exact Celestial style into the books they make and illustrate so cleverly all by hand.

The End of Yankee Sullivan. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The article reprinted in this morning's SUN from the Providence Journal, headed "Yankee Sullivan's Grave," is a tissue of misstatements which should not be allowed to pass without contradiction. The article is a studied attack upon the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856, diction. The article is a studied attack upon the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856, of which William T. Coleman was the President. Substantially it charges the committee with the cowardly assassination of the pugliist, prize fighter, and desperado, "Yankee Sullivan," and claims that he was arrested by the committee because "he acted as the judge of election in a bitter political contest, which resulted in a manner unsatisfactory to the Vigilantes," further, that up to that time he had conducted himself in a very creditable manner. All of which is the veriest rot. The Vigilance Committee was not in existence when this rough, bully, and terror, aided and abetted by his congental companions, took possession of the polis in an outside election precinct, and returned as elected by stuffed ballots, one of these very been companions to the important office of County Supervisor. That occurred months before, and it was the denunciation of these and similar frauds in which James P. Casey participated that led to the murder of James King of William, the editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, by James P. Casev, in May, 1856. That was the straw breaking the camel's back which ied to the immediate organization of the Vigilance Committee. A prominent member of the "organization of respectable citizens" who were opposed to the committee to whom the Journal writer refers, was Yankee Sullivan, and he, with a dozen or more of his intimate "respectable" friends, were speedily captured by the committee and lodged in Fort Gunnybags, as the armed headquarters of the committee was called. The committee first hanged Casey and Cora, then Hetherington and Braee, all four convicted of the crime of murder. The charge against Sullivan, Kearney, and he if ellow rundlans was ballot-box stuffing and onducing generally unbecoming respectable citizens. Their sentence was banishment; but conscience or something else seemed to have stirred up in Sullivan, and he concluded that, deserving to be hanged by the committee and committee was call of which William T. Coleman was the President.

GHOSTS AND SPIRITS. APPARITIONS AND HALLUCINATIONS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

Proves - "Telepathy," and Telepathic Manifosiations-Witchers's and Modern Choste Considered Very Scientifically, Mr. Gurney of the English Society for Psychical Research has recently published two volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Liv-ing," containing the evidence collected by the society of the existence of what is called tele-pathy and telepathic manifestations. Tele-pathy is the transmission of thought of feeling from the mind of one person to that of another.

does exist. The "willing game," according to Mr. Gurney, afforded the first hints of thought transference, which, in its turn, is the basis of telepathy. In this game, popular some twelve years ago. a member of the party leaves the room; the rest determine on some action he or she is to perform, or hide some object which he is to find. The "percipient "(the technical name for the person affected by telepathy) is then recalled, and his hand or shoulder touched by one of the willers, whereupon he finds the hidden thing or does the required action. It will be seen at once that this game is the basis of Irving Bishop's "mind reading," and as long ago as 1875 the true reason for the actions of the percipient was recognized as lying in the involuntary muscular contractions of

in the involuntary muscular contractions of the willer or agent.

The Rev. Mr. Creery, an English clergyman, began to experiment with the "willing game" in his own family. One of the experiments made under the direction of a prominent psychicist is thus related: psychicist is thus related:

Easter, 1861. Present: Mr. and Mrs. Creery and family, and W. F. Barrett, the narrator. One of the children was sent into an adjoining room, the door of which I was was closed. On returning to the sitting room and closing its door also, I thought of some object in the house, fixed upon at random; writing the name down, I showed it to the family present, the strictest silence being preserved throughout. We then all silently thought

causes, improbable, and in cumulation incredible.

To the fourth chapter of Mr. Gurney's book, wherein he first treats of spontaneous telepathy, is appended a long and interesting note on witcheraft. Mr. Gurney has studied some 280 books in proparing this note, concerning which he remarks:

which the same game keep our regardering in one work of which control with the planes of the marvellors, in or far she and of evenously of the marvellors, in or far she had of evenously of the marvellors, in or far she had of evenously of the marvellors, in or far she had of evenously of the marvellors, in or far she had of evenously of the marvellors in or far she had on the she had on the had of the she had on the had of th

our medical man and found him at home. He at once set out with me for my bome, on the way porting questiens I could not answer, as my mother was to all appearance well when I left home. I led the doctor straight to the White Room, where we found my mother actually lying as in my vision. This was true even to minute details. She had been select suddenly by an attack at the heart, and would soon have breathed her last, but for the doctor's timely advent.

JEANIE GYTHER BETTANT. Phantasms of the Living," and What It

The next case illustrates the class of dreams, the very mention of which, savs Mr. Gurney, "Is apt to raise a prejudice against our whole inquiry." Dreams, though needing to be treated with the greatest caution, have a necessary and instructive place in the conspecture of telepathic phenomena. The example is as follows:

On the night of Thurday, the 25th of March, 1880, I retired to bed after reading till late as is my habit. If dreamed that I was ying on my sofe reading, when on athy is the transmission of thought of least the mind of one person to that of another, without the utterance of speech, the writing of a word, the making of a sign. The book also treats of apparitions, which, though at first sight they seem greatly to differ from the mere transference of thought, are, on consideration, seen to be really telepathic phenomena. Because its author concludes that the apparition of one person to another is caused by him while he is yet alive, however near he may be to death, he has given to his book the title it bears, "Phantasms of the Living," rather than "Phantasms of the Dead."

The book is entirely taken up with an attached the transmission of the transmission of the speed of a repetition of the appearance but my mind the hope of a repet

had not varied in the least degree instream. The shove narrative may, therefore, be accepted as absolutely accurate.

A ware of the prejudice against the evidence of dreams, to which we have above alluded, Mr. Gurney devotes a long chapter to the consideration of their relation to the argument for telepathy. Most of the dreams selected for telepathy. Most of the dreams selected for this work, says the author. "were exceptional in intensity, and produced marked distress, or were described, or in some way acted upon, before the news of the correspondent experience was known. And more than half are dreams of death—a fact easy to account for on the hypothesis of telepathy, and difficult on the hypothesis of accident." Then follows one of the most remarkable passages of the book. With a view of estimating whatever the specimens which have coincided with reality were or were not more numerous than chance would allow, letters were sent to 5,360 persons, chosen at random, asking if between 1872 and 1884 they had had a vividiy distressful dream of the death of a relative or acquaintance.

One hundred and sixty-six persons had had such a dream of the more than once, so that 202 such dreams had been experienced; that is, one in every twenty-six persons asked had had such a dream. But the application of the law of chances shows that only one person out of 431,363 should have such a dream during twelve years. Assuming that the section of the law of chances a large as half a million, the result of this census and of the application of the law of chance thereto, shows that the psychicists have encountered a number of coincidences 24 times as large as half a million, the result of this census and of the application of the law of chance thereto, shows that the psychicists have encountered a number of coincidences 24 times as large as would have been expected on the hypothesis that chance alone caused them. This is certainly an astonishing argument in favor of the existence of delepathy. istence of telepathy.

Most of the dreams are, as has been said,
warnings of death: the following case is an absurd exception to the rule, and is quoted be-

On the night of Jan. 10, 1882. I was sleeping in one of

One of the most interesting instances of Mr. Gurney of spontaneous telepathic uclnations is this:

pray for him in London.

Another example, remarkable in that one percipient saw and the other heard something, is the following:

In October, 1873, I was staying at Bishopthorye, near york, with the Archhishop of York. I was steeping with Miss X. T., when I suddenly saw a white figure fly through the room from the door to the window. I was only a shadowy form, and passed in a moment. I felt utterly shadowy form, and passed in a moment.

we were both very nuch frightened for a little while, but said nothing about it to any one.

Some forty examples are given in the two volumes of drawings reproduced by persons under experimental tolepathic influence. To one not wholly a devotee of tolepathy, most of the examples are of interest as showing a failure of the telepathic influence; but interesting questions are suggested by those examples of attempts which even an unbeliever may be willing to consider successful. In such cases, if the original drawing slants to the right or to the left, the reproduction, as a rule, slants to the left, the reproduction, as a rule, slants to the left or the right. A projection on one side of a straight line in the reproduction will appear on the other side. Why is this so? Does the figure of the original appear to the percipient as though seen in a looking glass? It is a curious coincidence that the principal illustration to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's poem. "Ticonderoga," in the current Scribner's Magazine, represents the hero seeing his wrath—a hallucination—as though in a looking glass.

In treating as a question of science what the world at large treats as matter for jest or as a question of superstition. Mr. Gurney has, as he himself feels, made his book duller than the ordinary collection of ghost stories. It is not, by any means, wholly dull, and to one who takes it up as a contribution to a new science. "Phantasms of the Living" must prove an interesting though long book.

A SNAKE CHARMER'S FATE. Harrible Death of Friday Lerus From the

Bite of a Pet Mattier.

Prom the Philadelphia Press.

SCRANTON, Dec. 10.—Friday Lerue for years past had been a daring handler of the most poisonous snakes, and his terrible death at his home in Chinchilla, this county, yeaterday was received with feelings of horror all through this section, where he had frequently shown his prowess in subduing the dangerous reptiles, which he made his household pets. The last public exhibition given by Lerue was in this city during the fair.

On Thursday evening a party of friends were calling upon him, and, as usual, he took them into the snake room to exhibit his strange pets. As he was handling a blacksnake a rattler jumped out of the box, and the guests in the room at once made a dash for a place of safety, Lerue quietly placed the blacksnake back into its box and then rushed for the lose snake, which was slashing the air with his tail and making the room resound with the clatter of his seventeen rattles. The snake charmer, who had but one leg, having lost the other while fighting for the Union, grasped a chair, and, moving it forward, rested himself upon it while he reached forward and grasped the snake by the tail. Swiftly the rattler darted round and sank its fangs into Lerue's left hand, but before loosing his grip the charmer dashed the snake into its box and seoured it. The poison soon began to assert itself, and, despite the use of every antidote at hand with which the man always kept himself supplied, it extended through the arm and into the body. The limbs and body began swelling rapidly. The skin grew highly discolored, streaked with crimson and deep black. Three doctors were hastily summoned, but all their medical skill could do was to administer onistes to relieve the sufferings and delirium of Lerue. The swelling also extended to the head, and the left arm increased in size until the skin fairly bursted. The sufferings of the man were of a most terrible nature, and from the time he was polooned by the fangs of the serpent to his death the contortions of his bo From the Philadelphia Press.

name of "General Kearney." Like all of Mr. Baldwin's long-distance flyers, he was marked in big red letters, "A pilgrim from Newark, New Jersey: feed and liberate," on the feathers of one wing, and "An honest man is the noblest work of God" on the other wing. The bird was returning from an 885-mile fly to Newark, when he became exhausted and alighted on the little Post Office at 8helby, N.C. Mr. B. F. Logan, the Postmaster, caught him, fed and watered him, and then the bird again perched on the root. That alternoon he took a two-hours' ily, but returned. The next morning, after being again fed, he took a three-hours' fly, but returned. The next morning, after being again fed, he took a three-hours' fly, but again returned. In the afternoon he made his third fly, but, after being gone four hours, came back. The following day he made two more attempts to come north, but each time, not feeling strong enough, he returned to hospitable Shelby.

The next day, however, after receiving his food, he circled over Postmaster Logan's head and then darted northward. Mr. Logan sent a poetal card to Newark describing the bird and its marks, but before the card was received by Mr. Baldwin the General was back safe and sound in his loft. Mr. Baldwin saw he made the little flies at Shelly to guage his strength; the left while he stayed there, and would not attempt to legave there for Newark that the was positive he was strong enough to make the journey.

"Well, does your husband still drink?"
"Yes, mother, and it is worrying the life out of me,"
"Did you try the plan of breaking him of the habit that I suggested to you?"

"Yes."
"Did you put whiskey in his coffee?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"What did he say?"
He said I was the only woman he had seen since his mother died who knew how to make soffee as it should be made."

CO-OPERATION IN FARMING.

JOHN S. RANKIN'S INTERESTING RY. PERIMENT IN MINNESOTA. The Crow Wing Furm-How it was Started

-Its Hopes and Purposes-Walting for Money the Kulghts of Labor Promised. MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 12 .- A familiar figure about Knights of Labor headquarters in this city these winter days is John 8, Rankin, a bent, white-haired, spectacled old man who usually carries a bundle of papers under his arm. During the recent session of the General Assembly of the Knights in Minneapolis the old man haunted the rooms of the Genera Cooperative Board continually. Just before the close of the session he left the city in com-Board for a brief visit to the farm of the Pioneer Cooperative Company in Crow Wieg county. Mr. Broughton came back full of enthusiasm, and urged upon the Board that the Crow Wing cooperative farm, the Pioneer Company's property, be taken under the Board's protection and receive a liberal slice of the \$40,000 appropriated by the Richmond General

Assembly for cooperative experiments.

This the Board did, or, rather, attempted to do. A report, embodying this among other important recommendations, was presented to the General Assembly, but in the rush of the closing days of the session it was ignored. year, Othello like, without an occupation. Not a single recommendation had been acted upon

The Cooperative Board was left for the present year. Othello like, without an occupation. Not a single recommendation had been acted upon by the Assembly.

Old John Rankin's pet scheme suffered with the rest. He was assured that the General Exceutive Board would not forget him, and that the little colony in northern Minnesota should not suffer for lack of funds. That was almost two months are, but the hoped-for ald has not come. The old man lingers about the office of the District Master Workman of the Rnights day after day, and the look of disappointment on his face is growing faily more intense.

"If these dilatory knights would only do something," he said the other day, "we might make some progress on the farm. Our poverty cramps us. Or if they only would not make promise it would not be so bad. I have a method," he went on, taking out a small notebook and showing a number of subscriptions, "which I have resorted to to some extent, and which I could do more with if they would easy flatily that they do not intend to put money into the farm. It's a vexatious delay and a heavy burden for one old man."

Heavy as the burden may be, the one old man bears it, and he seems likely to bear it for some time to come. Indeed, the scheme of the Minnesota cooperative agricultural colony, the only one of its kind in the world, originated in old John Hankin's brain, and has been carried out by him almost without assistance. The only one of the Kind in the world, originated in old John Hankin's brain, and has been carried out by him almost without assistance. The satern part of Crow Wing county in the postession of the Cooperative Land Association. That was the tangible beginning of the cooperative farm, but the scheme itself was four of the part of the sacciation in the stocked like scheme itself was four of the part of the sacciation has a fattered of incorporation the nature of the association had been organized and noorporated two years before. This association the nature of the association and many had opported to the fa

when of a most service nature, and from the peat to his death the control ron of his body in the delirious attacks wors most reputative.

A LIGHTED SPAR BUOX.

A Nevelty to Take the Place of the Bail Basey Of Robbits's Reed.

The bell buy off Robbin's Reed will be taken in out of the wet in a fow days, and a novel spar buy will be put in its place. Little Mackenzie of the Lighthouse Board recently told a Sur reporter something about the number of the Lighthouse Board recently told a Sur reporter something about the number of the Lighthouse Board recently told a Sur reporter something about the number of the Lighthouse Board recently told a Sur reporter something about the number of the Lighthouse Board recently read to the light of the lighthouse Board recently read to the lighthouse Board recently read to the lighthouse Board recently read to the light of the lighthouse Board recently read to the light of the light of the light with the light of the light with the light with the light with be secured to a half-subscript of the light with the light with be self-company of the light with with be fell on the light with the ligh

Brawing Lote to See Which Shall Die First, Prawing Lete to See Which Shall Die Firet.
From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Columbus, O., Dec. 8.—Blinky Morgan and Fred Roth, who are to hang on the same day, engaged in the pleasant occupation at the penitentiary annex to-day of drawing straws to see which should hang first. The guard prepared a long and a short straw, the one drawing the long straw to be hanged first. Morgan drew first and got the short one, whereupon Roth objected, saying he had no chance. Morgan said to fix the straws again and give Roth the first. This was done, and Roth drew the long one again. That settled it, and they agreed that Roth should hang first.